

MAPLE LEAVES
AND
HEMLOCK BRANCHES.

A COLLECTION OF
 POEMS 

BY
MARTIN BUTLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B.,
Printed at the "Gleaner" Job Office,
1889.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting to the public of New Brunswick and Maine this little volume, with a great many an introduction will be unnecessary, especially the country people, who know me well, with many of whom I have been sheltered and fed and received the "right hand of fellowship," to such I make no apology. They will readily condone its many errors and give me due credit for anything it contains worthy of praise. With the exception of *The Peddler's Story* and three or four short pieces written for the occasion, these poems were written at odd hours during the past fifteen years.

The first section, designated MAPLE LEAVES, were chiefly written in, or refer to scenes and places in New Brunswick, and in like manner the HEMLOCK BRANCHES refer to Maine or the lake region of it where the numerous sole leather tanneries are situated, and where I spent ten years of my life.

To the chief points in my uneventful career these poems give the key, and it is unnecessary to say any more than that I was born in Kings Co., N. B., and hope to make this province my home, the kind friends and hallowed associations of which I would not exchange for any country on the globe.

MARTIN BUTLER.

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 12, 1889.

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MAPLE LEAVES.

CHARLOTTE, YORK AND SUNBURY.

Broad vales in beauty bright expand,
And stately mountains tower grand,
Dark rivers flow unto the sea
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Snug towns arise by field and flood,
And leagues of dark, outspreading wood
Fling to the air ; their banners free
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

All nature smiles on scenes so grand
In this, our own Canadian land ;
Peace, happiness, prosperity,
To Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

But best of all, the loving hearts
Whom God these choicest gifts imparts,
The grand and noble peasantry
Of Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

When first I left the State of Maine,
The scene of so much toil and pain,
I found a home and liberty
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

When wounded by misfortune's darts
Who was it took me to their hearts ?
The stout and stalwart yeomanry
Of Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

I've travelled all the country side,
Both east and west, and far and wide,
But found no counties I could see
Like Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

The kind, unselfish look and word,
The harmony and sweet accord,
The bounteous hospitality
Of Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

How oft among the young and old
I've found rare treasures more than gold,
Affection and fidelity
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Truth, honesty, and manly worth,
Much better far than noble birth,
And true God-fearing piety
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

The children, bless them—how I love
With them to romp through field and grove,
And join in all their youthful glee
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

With sager heads in argument
I've talked until the night was spent,
On justice, right, equality,
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

And in the morning, with my load,
I'd trudge again upon the road
While many a door would ope to me
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

And when by heat and toil oppress,
I'd often sit me down to rest
Beneath some tall and shady tree
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

And when the evening shades drew nigh,
Unto some farm house I would hie
Whose door was never shut to me
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

But I can never tell you here
Of all the scenes that I hold dear
In rock, and river, field and tree,
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Suffice to say, the land is blest
In my esteem o'er all the rest,
The people, God's nobility,
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

When weary wondering far and wide,
And buffeted by wind and tide,
I'll seek peace and obscurity
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

Upon some little patch of land,
Which I shall till with my own hand,
I think I'll gain a competency
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

And if there's one will share my lot
And occupy my humble cot,
We'll live from strife and sorrow free
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

And when this life with me is past,
And I am called away at last,
I hope a grave they'll dig for me
In Charlotte, York or Sunbury.

A RETROSPECT.

The day is drawing to a close,
Athwart the west, the sun a ray
Of soft, resplendent beauty throws
Upon the landscape far away.
And as its pale, expiring beams
Recede beyond yon hill of pines,
Flashing a thousand parting gleams ;
In separate, yet converging lines
I see, from out my casement dim
The River, decked in shining gold,
And on its well remembered rim
The scenes I loved in days of old.

The City as of old I saw
I see again in all its pride,
Reposing tranquilly upon
The old St. John's historic side,
A holy quiet fills the vales,
The breezes whisper soft and low,
In which the idly flapping sails
Of numerous barges float and flow.
Full ten years now have passed since when
I first set foot upon its strand
In childhoods' days of hope and joy
And promise fair of future grand,
Oh ! weary years of chance and change

How short, but oh! how full of woe,
How different from those happy days;
I stand beside its waters now,
Now, saddened, sickened and forlorn,
A pilgrim, by its side I stand—
A weary traveler, tossed and torn
By cruel Fate's unsparing hand.

An air of loneliness enthral
The place where once our cottage stood,
And never more its shadow falls
Against the dark and silent wood.
The church, from out its sheltered nook,
Frowns with a visage most austere,
Across the swiftly running brook
Whose rippling music I can hear.
The phantoms of the buried past
Crowd round me in the evening gloom,
A dark and mournful glance they cast
Foretelling some impending doom.

But still, the flowers plucked in youth,
Though withered by misfortune's blast
Retain in friendship, love and truth,
A grateful fragrance that will last—
And though my sky is overcast,
With clouds, portentous and great,
I see a halo round it cast
Impervious to the blasts of Fate.

ON LEAVING "RIVERSIDE," [FREDERICTON.]

Fair Riverside in your power and pride,
I leave you for a time,
The fruitful theme of many a dream
In childhood's days sublime.

My later home, when forced to roam
By grief and pain pursued,
From the winding stream and the lakelet's gleam,
And the shadowy arching wood.

I've shared your winters' frost and cold,
I've shared your summer heats
And gaily strolled with young and old
Along your pleasant streets.

And my heart goes out in a rapturous shout
For my loved and native land,
And no sun that shines in other climes
Can ever appear so grand.

Fair Riverside, my joy and pride,
Of your children I'll ask no more,
Than to give me at last, when life is past,
A grave by your sounding shore.

LAKE GEORGE.

Nestling among the mountains
Of fair New Brunswick's land,
Its hills and sparkling fountains
And forests spreading grand—
Lake George lies like a mirror

Before the gazer's eye,
A bright and sparkling jewel
Against the azure sky.

The time is radiant summer,
The roses are in bloom,
And shed upon the western wind
Their exquisite perfume ;
A mantle bright of beauty
Is on the forest trees,
While soft, and slow, the tall green grass
Is waving in the breeze.

My soul drinks in the rapture
Of this secluded spot,
And happy is my heart again
Though sad has been my lot.
For, hand in hand with Nature
I tread its beauteous shore,
Awaking many a pleasant thought
Of happy days of yore
In fair New Brunswick's bowers,
And Maine's green forest shore,
In happy days of peace and joy
I'll see again no more.

Thus, o'er my checkered pathway
In gloom and sudden showers,
Will spring up as I go along
Affection's dearest flowers.
For tender words will greet me
Throughout my native land,
And on Maine's forest border
Will many take my hand.

And so with these dear memories
 I weave a golden chain
 From Canada's fair fields and groves
 To sunny shores of Maine ;
 Remembering, though hard my lot
 And dark from childhood's hour,
 'Tis brightened, as the sun descends
 To lift a drooping flower.

THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

NOTE.

The following lines are an attempt to describe the kindness and hospitality of the average country household, as experienced in the course of my travels.

The old lady gives me her confidence and I, in return, tell her my story. I have not picked out any particular family, but the kind and garrulous old lady has many duplicates.

I have fallen far short of doing justice to the subject, as I have been obliged to curtail it on account of the size of the book and the short time I have to get it ready for the press,

M. B.

THE PEDDLER'S STORY ; OR HOW I LOST MY ARM.

The Old Lady Speaks.

Good day sir !—walk into the kitchen,
 There sit down and take a rest ;
 A stranger is always welcome,
 Though my home is not the best.

And I ain't got it tidied up or fixed
 For strangers or company,
 And Saturday is a busy day,
 And there's no one to work but me.

My girls have grown up and left me ;
Two are away in the States,—
One is in Minneapolis,
And one at the Golden Gate.

Married, and got good husbands,
And well off, as people say ;
But then, they're a long way off you know,
And I don't see them every day.

The other, a girl of seventeen,
Tall and straight as a rule—
And she is down at Fredericton
A going to Normal School.

And so I must do the housework
And wait upon the men,
But after the term is ended
I'll have her with me again.

She wanted an education,
And I let her have her way ;
'Though I don't see much inducement
As there is'nt very much pay.

And teachers are thick as blackberries,
But I let her do as she pleased,
It's something genteel and dainty,
And girls like a life of ease.

It was'nt so when I was young,
I worked from morn till night,
Spinning, and weaving and scrubbing
And setting everything right.

And when I'd an idle moment
I'd have to work in the field,
For it took all the help we could muster
To get in the season's yield.

People have different notions,
And this is a world of change—
But when I look at it squarely,
I can't help but think it strange.

The men, I forgot to tell you,
Are out getting in the hay,
And they have to work late and early,
As the sun don't shine every day.

But they'll soon be in to dinner,
And then you can see them yourself ;
Dear me,—I must open the oven
And set the pies up on the shelf.

How many of them? How stupid,
I had'nt told you before ;
There's John my husband, and Robert,
And Billy, and Joe, that's four.

For Andrew is married and settled,
His lot is next to ours,—
That's his house on the hill over yonder,
With the lawn, and the garden of flowers.

I never cared much for flowers,
It seemed work thrown away—
I took more to vegetables,
Potatoes, oats and hay.

But he got a wife from the city,
Poor soul,—In her there's no harm ;
She's quiet, industrious and clever,
But she ain't no good on a farm.

We started poor in this country,
And had to dig and delve ;
But managed to make a living
And raise a family of twelve.

But five of them lie in the church yard,
Their bodies beneath the sod—
Their spirits I trust in heaven,
Close by the Throne of God.

For I am a Christian woman,
And the blessed assurance have
'That after life's toil and trouble,
There is *something* beyond the grave.

We all of us have our troubles,
Sickness and sorrows too,
But we ought to unite together
And help each other through.

Drop words of consolation,
And smooth the sufferer's bed ;
'Tenderly care for the living
And help to bury the dead.

Who giveth a cup of water
To those that are in need,
Our Blessed Saviour has promised,
Will not he denied his need.

Far better than all the wrangling,
Hypocrisy and lies,
And the manifold deceptions,
And the ill-concealed disguise

By which they entrap the unwary,
And even deceive the elect,—
But, in this degenerate age it is
No more than we might expect.

But then, I must stop my preaching ;
I've worried you most to death,—
I'll blow the horn for dinner
If I've got sufficient breath.

Blows the horn ; the men come in, greet the stranger cordially, and after a conversation with the old man and the boys, in which he is invited to stay over Sunday, the men go out, and the old lady resumes her talk.

Well now ! you must be tired,
A-travelling this dusty road,
And come ten miles since morning,
And then, such an awful load.

Good gracious ! ain't it heavy,
'Tis more than I can lift,
And you carry it all on one shoulder.
As you ain't no chance to shift ?

For the other one looks broken,
Or as if it had come to harm,
But on closer looks,—“Good Heavens !”
I see you have lost an arm.

I really before didn't notice,
But my eye-sight isn't good ;
Now, if I ask you about it
I hope you won't think me rude.

The Peddler's Story.

I was working in the tannery
Up at the Grand Lake Stream,
A-grinding bark on a winter's night,
They hauled it in with a team.

The night was cold and frosty
And the belting wouldn't work,
But kept slipping around the pulley,
And I went to give it a jerk

To set it again in motion,
When I found that my arm was wound
In a cog-wheel, up to the shoulder,
And terribly crushed and ground.

And I was left there hanging
About six feet from the floor,
Alone in those jaws of iron
For half an hour or more ;

Till Knights came up from the leach-house
And ran and gave the alarm,
And told all the night-men and neighbors
That " Butler had broke his arm !"

They came in a crowd together,
And the boss of the tannery, Sym,
I don't know what I'd have done that night
If it hadn't been for him.

He brought the saw and wrenches
And they went to work with a will ;
'Though their faces were white as paper,
And their very blood ran chill.

I never saw such excitement !—
I smiled at their needless scare,
And told them they needn't make such a fuss,
And said I did'nt care

If I lived or died,—if they got me out
It was nothing for me to die,
I would'nt be missed ; and looking at Sym,
I saw a tear in his eye.

I forgave all harsh words and scolding
I got at my daily work,
For I was young and thoughtless,
And often disposed to shirk,

And my heart was touched as I saw him
In tears of pity and fright,
And has always beat kindly toward him,
And will since, that awful night.

'They took me up to the office
And laid me on Clampet's* bed,
And never a soul in the village
But thought me as good as dead.

And then, post haste for a doctor,
A team was started away,
But he had to come from Milltown,
And didn't arrive that day.

*The outside agent or foreman.

And then, by a senseless blunder,
They went and gave a fright
To my poor, heart-broken mother,
And woke her up in the night.

And straightway to the office
She hastened from her room,
But fell on its cold stone door-step
In a chill and deathly swoon.

Poor soul ! She had grief a-plenty,
For father, a cripple lay ;
He had been at work in the leach-house,
And a staging had given away.

And he fell down off the platform,
Full twenty feet, to the floor,
With fortunately no bones broken,
But shaken, and bruised, and sore.

And our house, that was nearly finished,
Was burned but a week before ;
And in a chilling snow-storm
We were turned out of door.

And having had no insurance
We didn't receive a cent,
And what little we'd scraped together
Was very quickly spent.

But John,* he worked like a hero
To keep us out of debt ;
And the people gave some assistance,
And so the expense was met.

*My brother.

In about three weeks I rallied,
And was able to get around ;
And very soon I was strong enough
To get about the town.

And White, who had faithfully nursed me,
In a few days took me home—
Poor fellow ! Only a year ago
That tannery proved his tomb.

For a fire broke out and burned it
In ashes to the ground,
And there, in the smouldering embers
His charred remains were found.

And so in the following spring-time,
About the middle of May,
I bought some goods in St Stephen,
And started along this way.

For what, with the hardened Company
With whom I'd the accident,
Who turned their backs upon me
Without giving me a cent.

And other hard-hearted people
Who gloried in my fall,
The very place was hateful,
And I couldn't stand it at all.

So back to my native country,
And to friends that I hold dear,
I came ; and have been travelling
For the most part since that year.

But many a lengthened visit
I've taken back again,
And in my heart I'll remember
The dear old hills of Maine.

For I blame not the place for my trouble,
Nor the many for the few ;
But, shall always remember with pleasure
The friends who are good and true.

I'm able to make a living,
Which is all that I can expect,
And the present care and kindness
Outweighs the old wrong and neglect.

Of course it is not so pleasant,
With strangers always to bide,
As the love, and care, and comfort,
Of one's own fireside.

And some are proud and selfish,
And often disposed to frown,
Because I'm a poor pack-peddler,
And on me to look down.

But, I've never gone cold or hungry,
And never slept out a night,
And I think I will never have to
If I'm willing to do what's right.

The Old Lady.

Dear me ! we have talked a long time ;
The men will be in to tea,
And if I've not supper ready,
They're apt to " give it " to me.

You can just go into the parlor,
And busy yourself with the books ;
You're quite an intelligent fellow,—
I can see it by your looks.

And here is the *Weekly Gleaner*,
We only got it to-day,
We don't get the news soon as printed,
As we live so far away.

And it's *powerful* interesting
To read all the goings on ;
But I must hurry up supper,
For here come the boys and John.

The men come in, and the peddler enters into conversation with them, while the old lady busies herself about the supper.

The Old Man Speaks.

Mister, I'm glad to see you,
Though I couldn't talk much before ;
We had to hurry the hay in
For fear there would be a shower.

But you're welcome " just as hearty "
To my plain substantial fare,
And I reckon it's not the worst I've got
That I'll with a stranger share.

And Sally has kept you in company ;
She'd talk enough for ten men.

Sally.

I'll slap your face with a pancake,
If you say that over again.

She doesn't mean what she's saying,
 She's one of the best of wives ;
 We'd never a word between us
 In all of our mortal lives.

And the children we've never " corrected ;"
 I find it doesn't pay
 To bully, and beat, and scold them,
 And have them run away.

And get away among strangers,
 And as likely go to the bad ;
 And we'd never a bit of trouble
 With all the children we've had.

But supper's already waiting,
 And I'm hungry as a bear :
 Here Joe, hang the gentleman's hat up
 And pass him over a chair.

After Supper.

The evening was spent in reading,
 In games, and songs, and play,
 And passed in such pleasant company
 The hours sped swift away.

When the evening service was rendered,
 And the evening chapter read,
 And off with the boys I scampered
 And rolled myself up in bed.

Sweetly in bed we rested
 Till the Sabbath sun arose,
 Then shaking off drowsy slumber
 We jumped into our clothes.

And all through the day we rambled,
Through bower and shady lane,
And when the evening descended
We made our way back again.

Monday Morning.

With a fond good-bye and hand-clasp,
I parted from the men,
And a pressing invitation
To visit them soon again.

And then as I was preparing
To pack up and go away,
And came in the room with my bundle,
I heard the old lady say :

Why, what is your dreadful hurry,
You ain't going now. So soon,
Why can't you sit down and rest awhile
And go in the afternoon.

Peddler.

No, thank you ma'am, I'll be going,
I ought to be on my way,
And for whatever trouble I've been to you
I'm ready and willing to pay.

Old Lady.

I don't quite understand you,
You'll pay me, you say. For what !
But come and open your bundle,
And let me see what you've got.

I want some little notions,
And I'd rather buy them of you ;
'Twill save my going away to the store,
As I had intended to do.

Peddler.

What do you ask for staying?

Old Lady.

Don't mention that again,
I've lived in this country for forty years,
And I've never charged a man.

And I'd be the veriest heathen
To ask anything of you,
Who work so hard for your living
At the little that you can do.

Good-day ! if you must be going,
But whenever again you come,
I hope you will always remember
To consider this place your home.

Good luck to you, and God bless you ;
And I had to turn my head
To keep myself from showing
The tears that I fain would shed.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

In deep reflection, and recollection
I wandered on in the soft twilight,
When the fading pinion of day's dominion
Was sinking into the silent night.

The dews were falling, the birds were calling,
The sun had sunk in the silent west,
'The moon had risen, and on the village
Its beaming splendors did softly rest.

The winds pathetic, did moan prophetic
Of autumn's chillness and winter's gloom ;
The hay was cut and the harvest garnered,
'Twas the closing season of summer's bloom.

And sorrow's feeling came o'er me stealing
Of brighter fancies in days of yore ;
On wings of light were those visions wafted
From childhood's sunny and distant shore.

In memory's mirror I saw reflected
The dear home faces of long ago,
The sweet spring mornings, the autumn evenings,
The summer's gladness, the winter's snow.

The river, sparkling in lines of beauty,
The sunbeams dancing along its tide,
And slight removed from its sloping margin
The lofty forest, in all its pride.

The nooks and corners, the secret places
Where mosses gathered in clusters bright,
The dainty gems and wild-wood flowers,
The spreading foliage hid from sight.

Likewise the brook, which with merry music,
Rippled throughout the lonely glade,
Where my companions, with happy faces,
In childish pastime beside me played.

It seemed a haunt for forms elysian,
Where nymphs and naiads weave their spells;
And many a sweet entrancing vision,
I've often had in those witching dells.

How strange it seems, that my wayward foot-steps,
As I journey on in the road of life,
Should leave behind, perhaps forever,
That lovely valley with gladness rife.

And, 'though scarce more than a score of summers,
In light and shadow have passed my head,
Those days are past, and those flowers faded,
Those garlands withered, those blossoms dead.

And grave and careworn, in toil and sorrow,
I plod along for my daily bread,
With none to care, if perhaps to-morrow
I might be laid with the silent dead.

But though my hopes are forever faded,
Though cold my prospects in future now,
And the grim shadow of gaunt misfortune
Sits like a spectre upon my brow.

Those hallowed memories will surround me,
My feet will travel that distant shore,
And still retrace those familiar pathways,
Till life and sorrow with me's no more.

SAINT JOHN.

Fair City by the sea, of wharves and docks,
And busy marts of trade ;
Of towering palaces and tumbling rocks,
Of sunlight and of shade.

Dear to my heart I hold thy memory still,
As when in days long gone
I paced thy streets and climbed thy rugged hills,
A wanderer and alone.

I saw thee in thy day of grief and woe,
Sackcloth and ashes then
Evoked a true and sympathetic flow
From out the hearts of men.

I saw thee in thy beauty and thy pride,
A new Jerusalem,
Beloved by men and honored far and wide,
Wearing thy diadem.

Into the furnace of affliction cast,
Awoke to life and strength
The busy hum of enterprises vast
Throughout thy breadth and length.

The warm and generous heart of Province land
Beats with the ebb and flow
Of tides that beat upon thy rocky strand,
Where good ships come and go.

From distant islands of the summer seas,
From groves of pine and palm,
From regions where the giant icebergs freeze,
From sunny shores of calm.

Homeward and outward bound, they come and go,
And on a summer day,
Watched from the beach, they make a goodly show,
Cleaving the salt sea spray.

The homesick wanderer's heart bounds, as he sees
Thy shores appear in view,
And wafts a blessing on the landward breeze
Across the waters blue.

And pleasant memories yet with me remain
Of many a holiday,
When on thy breezy beach I oft have lain,
And whiled the hours away.

My home, my country, fair Canadian land,
How do I sigh for thee,
When thou shalt rise, a NATION brave and grand
And glorious and FREE.

The day is distant, and in grief I wait
Within a foreign land ;
Oh come ! sweet FREEDOM e're it be too late,
And let me clasp thy hand.

IN THE COUNTRY.

I leave behind me the dusty street,
And off to the country I take my way,
With the violets blooming beneath my feet,
And the small birds singing their roundelay.

I cross the river and leave the town ;
Afar, in the twilight its steeples rise,
And its stately mansions seem to frown
When looked upon by a poor man's eyes.

The same old tale that has oft been told
In every city, the wide world o'er,
Of the bloated minions, of power and gold,
And the wronged and wretched, and suffering poor.

The vile assassin, the lurking thief,
The bane of public and private life,
The manifold forms of joy and grief,
And the heat and fever of party strife.

The prison, that frowns at the passer-by,
And the outraged laws of the land maintains,
The gallows, that shocks the horrified eye,
And stamps the earth with the brand of Cain.

I leave these all for a fairer sky,
And a clearer and purer atmosphere,
As onward my weary foot-steps hie
To scenes and friends that my heart holds dear.

I lean my head upon Nature's breast,
And tell to her all my tale of woe,
As I sit on a grassy knoll to rest,
And dream of the days of long ago

Before I knew of the grief and sin,
The want and suffering, pain and care
That my short life has been crowded in,
Till the burden's harder than I can bear.

But I will not tell to the world my woes,
Too sacred the feelings of my heart,
For the sport, and gossip, and scorn, of those
Who wound me each day with a cruel dart.

But safe in the arms of friends, I tell
 My hopes (if any) my cares and pain,
 And among the faithful, who wish me well
 I live o'er my boyhood's days again.

With the tender hand that can smooth my brow,
 And the kind voice that bids me hope for the best,
 I fling to the winds my care and woe
 And safe in the arms of peace I rest.

I hate not the world for its selfish greed,
 Its scorn and contempt for the suffering poor,
 While there yet remaineth a noble deed,
 Or a heart that is steadfast, strong and sure.

And I envy not, in their heartless glee,
 The wealthy, who walk through blood to thrones,
 Who mock at the cries of misery,
 And feast their souls on the dying groans

Of the slaves of labor, who toil and sweat
 To keep them aloft in regal state,
 Who work, and suffer, and starve, and fret,
 While *they* dine off their costly silver plate.

'The river is tranquil, rolling wide,
 The trees lean o'er it, the bushes wave,
 And the grass and flowers creep close to its side,
 And in its waters their rootlets lave.

And my spirit is tranquil, though all around
 Are the great seas of Anguish, Sin and Woe;
 For apart, I walk upon hallowed ground
 And calm my heart with the brooklet's flow.

I live my life, I pass to the grave,
But just as sweet will the roses bloom,
And just as greenly the grasses wave
Above me, as over the rich man's tomb.

NASHWAAK.

I love thy gentle winding stream,
Thy intervalles outstretching wide,
Thy hills that catch the sunrise gleam,
And tower grand on either side.

With hope elate or bowed with care,
I've trod thy verdant vales along,
And now thy hills and valleys fair
Shall be the burden of my song.

I see the old familiar scenes,
The trees, outspreading far and wide,
Also the cool and blessed springs
That gush from out the mountain side.

Where oft beneath the clustering shade,
Removed from summer's scorching heat,
My weary body I have laid
And drank their waters pure and sweet.

And when the toils of day were o'er,
A generous shelter I would find,
And kind, unselfish, tender care
That set at rest my troubled mind,

Oh, better far, than power and fame,
And all that riches can impart,
A spotless, pure, untarnished name,
A kind and hospitable heart.

Of such are Nashwaak's valleys blest,
Among the homes of rich and poor
The weary traveller finds a rest,
And ne'er is turned from out their door.

And trained in Christian hope and faith,
And nurtured in the Golden Rule,
The life triumphant over death,
The Bible and the district school.

Here, worthy sons to sires succeed,
A nation's bulwark strong and sure,
Foremost in every noble deed,
With hand that's clean and heart that's pure.

And Nashwaak's daughters, fair to see
And gentle as the opening rose,
Can sigh for others' misery,
Can drop a tear for others' woes.

Long years ago thy stream was rife
With battle's fierce and bloody lance,
And waged in internecine strife,
The pride of England and of France.

And later on there came a band
Forth from the land, where rose the STARS,
Both brave of heart and strong of hand,
Although from unsuccessful wars.

The crimson banner of St. George
Receded to the rising sun,
From Lexington and Valley Forge,
Where Freedom's cause was nobly won.

And farther yet it still shall go
Until it drops into the sea,
And bright upon our hills shall glow
Our own proud banner waving free.

I leave thee now, for other shores,
But when I bid thy fields adieu
I'll love no people more than yours,
Or any streamlet more than you.

And if no more again I see
Thy banks, with all their memories dear,
I can but hope, on leaving thee,
And letting fall the heartfelt tear

That peace and plenty may abound,
And gifts from the Almighty hand
Be scattered thick and fast, around
Thy lovely and deserving land.

For loving memories cluster round
Thee, gentle river ! rushing fair,
And blessings in my path abound,
I scarce can hope to find elsewhere.

Amid this world of sin and shame,
And avarice, and grasping greed,
The angels of the Highest Name
Are sowing day by day the seed

That finds in grateful hearts, a soil
Congenial, its fruits to bear,
In which unscathed by care and toil
'Twill bud and blossom evermore.

IN FREDERICTON.

The midnight shadows hover o'er the land,
As sitting in my chamber, pen in hand,
My mind recalls full many a happy scene,
Full many a blissful haunt of joy serene ;
In Fredericton.

The rain is falling heavily without,
The wind is tossing the strewn leaves about,
The river murmurs with a wild unrest,
An inky blackness hovers o'er its breast ;
In Fredericton.

Just so with me ; my sky is overcast,
A gleam of light, too beautiful to last,
Illumed my early morn with ruddy light,
But now, has sunk in dark and endless night ;
In Fredericton.

There was a time, with high, exultant head
And gay, elastic step, I used to tread
The verdant valleys by the St. John's side,
With blithe companions, once my joy and pride ;
In Fredericton.

The opening bloom of manhood's years were rife
With budding promise for my future life,
Ambition, hope, and intellectual fire
Taught me each day to look for something higher ;
In Fredericton.

But Fate transported me to other lands,
Subjected me to chill misfortune's pangs,
And wrecked and ruined, hope and sunshine gone,
I wandered through the weary world alone ;
To Fredericton.

And once again as on its shores I stand,
 I feel as if some bright celestial band
 In wayward pit falls, never more to roam,
 Have taken me by the hand and led me home ;
To Fredericton.

And kneeling down, I breathe an earnest prayer,
 Though filled with grief, misfortune and despair,
 That while the Lord prolongs my life, I'll stay
 And pass my later years in peace away,
In Fredericton.

And when the messenger of death shall come
 To bear me to my last eternal home,
 I only wish in happiness to die,
 And here, beneath the soft, green turf to lie,
In Fredericton.

Then let the trees their quivering branches wave,
 The autumn winds blow o'er my peaceful grave,
 And in the spring above my lowly tomb
 Let violets sweet, in rich profusion bloom ;
In Fredericton.

A REVIEW.

One evening, sad and weary,
 When the toils of day were o'er,
 I sat me down in my chamber
 A dreaming of days of yore ;
 And in slow and sad procession,
 Before my vision passed
 The ghosts of vanished years,
 The memories of the past.

I thought of a quiet river,
With a cottage by its side,
Where, with happy heart I wandered
With my playmates by my side.
And the sound of our merry voices
Echoed along the vale,
As it floated away to the forest
On the wings of the summer gale.

I next remember a cottage
By a river, flowing free,
Where I lived for a few short summers
In youthful jollity.
Still stalking on toward manhood,
With hope and promise true,
And ready for what the future
Was waiting for me to do.

I next remember a streamlet
By a dark and gloomy lake,
And a village, forest encircled
In rock, and bush, and brake;
Where I entered upon the pathway
That leads to man's estate,
And took my place with the workers,
Defying the blasts of fate.

And the world was full of sunshine,
And my mates were blithe and kind,
And I had nearly forgotten
The land I had left behind;
But, the sun will not shine always,
The clouds will gather black,

And the winds and the roaring tempest
Will follow upon their track.

As I found by sad experience
When the tempest o'er me broke
And shattered my hopes and prospects
At one fell, mighty stroke.

And, from home and old companions
And scenes that my heart holds dear,
I started, and have been drifting
For many a weary year;
If I visit the place I'm welcomed
In many a cheery tone,—
But I there have no friends or relations,
Or a place I can call my own.

But I go on uncomplaining
At my sad and lowly lot,
For there's many have not the blessings
That even I have got.
Trusting that through my lifetime,
A living I may have,
And, after life's fitful fever,
A rest beyond the grave.

DAVID MAIN.

(Late Editor and founder of the SAINT CROIX COURIER, St. Stephen, N. B.)

The winter's wrath has fled the sky,
The wintry storms are gone and past—
No more we hear the cold winds sigh,
Or feel the rushing of the blast.

And while the world is glad with May,
And trees and flowers in verdure wave,
I come, a simple wreath to lay
Upon a friend's untimely grave.

He was my friend,—though time and place
Had often kept us far apart;
Yet, often met we face to face
And talked together, heart to heart.

My struggling and uncultured thought,
He gave to it encouragement—
And through his skilful fingers wrought
It forward on its mission went.

And in the dear old *Courier*
I always found a welcome spot,
And though those days are now no more,
By me they'll never be forgot.

Great, grand and good; his sympathy
Was not confined to class or creed,
His hand and purse were always free
To succor those who were in need.

Confined in narrow bounds his soul
Had not the chance to grow and yield—
Inmeasurable; from pole to pole,
His brilliant genius unconcealed

Was fit for deeds of high emprise
In field or forum, hall of state;
Strong, self-concentred, prudent, wise,
Such men as he are truly great.

But centred in his native land,
 And faithful to his dear old town,
 He sought no foreign conquest grand,
 Nor pined for riches or renown.

Content to earn his daily bread
 Among the friends he loved the best,
 Who loved him living, mourn him dead,
 There, let his bones in quiet rest.

Breathe soft and low, oh! whispering wind,
 Above his green and lowly grave,
 And let the branches of the pines
 In mournful undulations wave.

While St. Croix's waters flow to sea,
 Or Charlotte's pines in beauty stand,
 I'll ne'er see such an one as he,
 Or grasp again so kind a hand.

A CANADIAN'S SONG.

I am a son of Canada,
 I love my native land;
 And hope some day to see it rise
 A NATION free and grand;
 When, waving high to greet the sky
 Shall stream from tower and crag,
 And light with pride the patriot's eye
 OUR COUNTRY'S NATIVE FLAG.

The land, where at a mother's knee
 I lisped my evening prayer,
 In happy hours of childish glee
 Remote from pain and care;

That is the land whose praise I'll sing
While God provides me breath,
And only cease to love it when
My heart is cold in death.

Let others prostitute their muse
To sing of kings and courts,
Their goings out, and comings in,
Their pleasures and their sports ;
The sturdy democratic race
From whence my fathers sprung,
Will not permit one word of praise
For them, from off my tongue.

The day will come when foreign lords,
Who neither spin nor toil,
Who get the best the land affords,
And fatten on the spoil,
And hang, a weight around the neck
Of struggling Liberty,
Shall pack their trunks and find their way
To climes beyond the sea.

Better than regal camps and courts,
Sceptre or diadem ;
The freeman's vote in peace shall rule
A race of free-born men ;
When pomp and pride are cast aside
And haughtiness and scorn
Are buried deep, in blackest night
That never finds a morn.

Then, here's to Vulcan, may he forge
A hammer stout and strong,
To break in twain the clanking chain

That's hung on us so long ;
Unless our royal masters learn
To act the better part,
And with their hands undo the bands
They cannot with their hearts.

Oh ! glorious mother Canada,
May peace and plenty reign,
And Freedom spread her healing wings
Above thy broad domain ;
Thy sons in harmony unite,
A brave and gallant band,
And stand, a wall of adamant
Around their native land.

HEMLOCK BRANCHES.

THE STREAMLET.

Morning.

The streamlet glides with a ripple
Of joy on its seaward way,
And the grass and the flowers are brightened
In the light of the new-born day.

The crystal lake, in its slumber
Is kissed by the sun's first rays,
And a halo of mystic beauty
Over its surface plays.

From the peaceful homes of the village
Rise columns of pale, blue smoke—
For the bell, with its sounding clangor
Has the slumbering denizens woke.

And the rattling wheels of labor
Again with their rush and din,
Mid the songs of the busy workmen,
The work of the day begin.

Evening.

The breezes gently whisper
As the sun sinks down to rest,
With a halo of golden glory
Encircling his glowing breast.

And the sound of the bell's soft cadence
 Is echoed o'er vale and hill,
 Till it dies away into silence,
 And all is hushed and still.

And the night comes treading slowly
 In the path of the setting day,
 As the roseate hues of sunset,
 Sink and vanish away.

And the full-moon sheds a glory
 Of light on the silent plain,
 And the stars keep watch o'er the flowers
 Till the morning comes again.

THE SHAMROCK.

(Inscribed to W. A. Macartney, Waterford, Ireland.)

Oh! dainty gem of Celtic soil,
 Fresh plucked from out thy native earth,
 What visions of immortal birth
 Thy presence brings unto my soul.

Of meadows green, with violets strewed,
 O'er which the bright-eyed daisies nod,
 And hope in life, and trust in God
 Comes to me in my solitude.

And memories dear unto my heart
 Of one, whose path in boyish life
 Was near my own; but fortune's strife
 Has now us sundered far apart.

When joy's fair wings have taken flight
And life is one long bitter wail,
I see, beyond these shadows pale,
The dawning of a happier light.

It is the sound of one, whose voice
Sends greetings far across the foam,
And from Old Erin's lovely home
Bids my poor saddened heart rejoice.

I'll nurse thee with a tender hand.
And may the summer bid thee bloom,
And ne'er to an untimely tomb
Be thou consigned in Freedom's land.

And dear unto my heart shall be
The memory of that early friend,
And may our friendship never end,
But strengthen in eternity.

And though that land I ne'er may see,
The breezes from it gently blown
Shall waft unto this frozen zone
Dreams of a happier day to be.

THE CITY OF GRAND LAKE STREAM.

Where lofty mountains tower high,
And rivers sparkling gleam,
Is found a quiet spot, that's called
The city of Grand Lake Stream.

The trees, their spreading branches toss
Against the sultry sky,

When summer sweeps our valleys with
The hot breath of July.

'Tis then, their cool, refreshing shade
Envelopes us serene ;
In fact there's plenty of them here
In the City of Grand Lake Stream.

The rocks, a fortress rear so high,
Should any foreign foe
Essay invasion of our land
They would resist his blow.
And here, beneath those barriers strong,
We'd rest safe and serene ;
A western Gibraltar is
The City of Grand Lake Stream.

The streets are narrow, dark and drear,
Without a ray of light
To guide the traveller on his way,
On dark and stormy nights.
And o'er their rocky surface ne'er
Has plough or spade been seen,
O'er rocks and stumps we have to jump,
In the City of Grand Lake Stream.

The business done, is tanning hides,
You work here by the day,
If you can but subsist upon
The very scanty pay ;
You go to work at grinding bark
Or scraping on the beam,
And take your pay out of the store
In the City of Grand Lake Stream.

Old B. F. Fickett runs the church
And Retta keeps the school ;
She cannot learn the children much
She's such an arrant fool ;
But Clampet keeps her in the place,
They are a pretty team ;
You often see them strolling down
The streets of Grand Lake Stream.

The government is based upon
The monarchial plan,
The ruler, too, is said to be
A very moral man.
And should the Czar of Russia stray
These realms for to see,
He'd find a friend and comrade
In Mr. A. B. C.

The fish are numerous in the lakes,
And "sports" from far and near
Their visits pay without delay
On each succeeding year ;
And C. G. Atkins has a plan
To hatch them out by steam,
They understand well what this means
In the City of Grand Lake Stream.

The population is quite small,
Except when summer's nigh,
It then is quite augmented by
Mosquitoes and black flies ;
'Tis then, those bark-peelers will rage
And tear their hair and scream,
And curse the day they ever came
To the City of Grand Lake Stream.

THE HANCOCK COUNTY HILLS.

Beyond the fleecy veil of mist
The pleasant valley fills,
I see, arising tall and grand,
The Hancock County Hills.

The morning sun illumines their tops,
The blue sky spreads above,
The river murmurs at their base
Anon of peace and love.

Of late, within this forest glade
The wild deer roamed at will ;
But now, the sounds of labor rise
From out the busy mill.

The lofty smoke-stack points afar
To mountains clad in white,
And 'gainst the darkling hemlock trees
There shines a ruddy light.

'Though far removed from busy port
Or city's bustling strife,
'Tis here, within this forest fort,
We can enjoy our life.

All fashion's fetters cast aside,
Convention's rules and paint,
With only Nature for our guide
Regardless of restraint.

We while the merry hours away
With laughter, mirth and song,
After the labors of the day,
Throughout the evenings long.

The winter wind blows keen without,
The snow falls thick and fast,
The forest trees beside the house
Are bending in the blast.

But what care we for winter's wrath,
Its blinding sleet and snow,
It cannot chill our vital breath
Or quench our fire's glow.

And casting sorrow to the winds
Our hearts in love combine
Among the Hancock County Hills
In Township Thirty-nine.

Farwell ! those days are gone and past,
The wheel of Time moves on,
My lot in other lands is cast
To wander on alone.

But wheresoe'er my feet shall roam,
Through happiness or ills,
My heart will always be at home
In Hancock County's Hills.

NEILL DARRAH.

He lay upon a bed of pain
Breathing his life away ;
But dreams of youth would come again
And visions fair and gay.
He thought he sat again beneath
His own dear mother's smile,
And heard the summer breezes blown
O'er fair Prince Edward Isle.

His loving wife sat by his side
And took the sufferer's hand ;
She spoke to him in soothing words
He could not understand.
He rallied, looked on all around,
Then said with pleasant smile,
“ I see again the fields and flowers
Of fair Prince Edward Isle.”

That was the last. He spoke no more
With his fast failing breath ;
His bosom heaved, he ope'd his eyes,
Then closed them cold in death.
He lies by Grand Lake's rocky shore
Where winds and waves complain,
And sadly wave above his grave
The moaning pines of Maine.

But still, his spirit's far away
Within his native land,
Where friends and comrades gone before
Now take him by the hand ;
And back to Maine, through sun and rain,
I see him with a smile,
biessing wave toward his grave
From fair Prince Edward Isle.

THE KINGMAN FIRE.

Marshalling all its force it came
Like a furious beast of prey,
And seized upon fences, fields of grain,
And aught that was in its way.

And it tossed its arms, and it sang aloud,
 And it danced in its fiendish glee ;
 And the sun, that night through a smoky cloud,
 Sank down in a lurid sea.

And all through the night, till the break of day,
 It roared on the other side,
 And trampled the forest beneath its tread,
 Like a demon in its pride.

The Mattawamkeag's waters boiled
 As it ran along its shores,
 And the cinders and coals fell thick at our feet
 In front of our very doors.

But help was near, for they soon did hear
 In Bangor, of the flame,
 And sent us the "Victor"* and her crew
 On board of a special train.

And the people of Kingman breathed again
 With a freer and fuller breath,
 And their thanks went out to those gallant men
 Who had saved their town from death.

The morning sun in quiet rose
 On the village, safe and sound,
 But oh ! what a sight on the other side
 We saw as we gazed around.

It seemed as if the fires of hell
 Had blasted and burned up all,
 From the stately tree's with their crown of leaves,
 To the bushes, short and small.

*The steam fire engine "Victor."

And a shudder will run through the veins of some
 As they tell of that awful night,
 Which with blaze more bright than the noon-day sun,
 Illumed the town with its light.

THE KIDS OF DUFFY STREET.

Not far beyond the tannery
 That stands by Jackson Brook,
 There is a cosy tenement
 Within a shady nook;
 'Tis less than half a mile in length,
 Its height about ten feet,
 And there, in sweet contentment, dwell
 The kids of Duffy Street.

Oh! the kids of Duffy Street,
 Both bare in head and feet,
 They run about from morn till night,
 The kids of Duffy Street.

They never are one moment still,
 Those restless girls and boys,
 They frighten all the neighbors with
 Their everlasting noise;
 You'll always hear their yelling
 And the clatter of their feet,
 They're worse than a menagerie,
 The kids of Duffy Street.

Oh! the kids of Duffy Street,
 In rain or snow or sleet,
 They're always found upon the road,
 The kids of Duffy Street.

There is no place secure from them,
They batter in the doors ;
And wander all about the rooms
And dirty up the floors ;
They'll even jump upon your beds
Right with their muddy feet,
Then turn around and laugh at you,
The kids of Duffy Street.

Oh, the kids of Duffy Street,
I cannot now repeat
One half the mischief that they do,
The kids of Duffy Street.

You cannot write a letter,
You cannot read a book,
You cannot even stop to think
Or turn around and look,
But at your elbow they are seen,
Or clustered round your feet,
Or even sitting on your lap,
The kids of Duffy Street.

Oh, the kids of Duffy Street,
You'll have to give up beat
Whene'er they make a raid on you,
The kids of Duffy Street.

The naughty kids of Duffy Street,
They curse and swear and fight
Throughout all of the livelong day,
And far into the night.
You'll get so much enraged at them,
You'd count it quite a treat

To live ten years in State Prison
To one, on Duffy Street.

Oh, the kids of Duffy Street,
Each day they should be beat
With crow-bars, clubs or anything
You happen for to meet.

If through some strange, mysterious cause
They are one moment still,
They very soon are re-enforced
By those from Mutton Hill,
And marching forth, a hundred strong,
Together they will meet,
And make a howling wilderness
Of poor old Duffy Street.

Oh, the kids of Duffy Street,
They have no drums to beat,
But lungs of brass, and tongues of steel,
The kids of Duffy Street.

They're quick and sharp, and bright and smart,
Good-hearted, every one,
They think not they annoy us so
When only "having fun."
And when to Sunday-school they go
They look so clean and neat,
You never would suspect they were
The kids of Duffy Street.

Oh, the kids of Duffy Street
With happiness I greet,
And wish good luck may crown their lives
And angels guide their feet.

THE LAKES OF MAINE.

Girt round with rugged mountains,
And vales of forest green,
In all their summer glory
The lakes of Maine are seen.

The bright sun shines upon them
With threads of golden hue,
And mirrors in their sparkling depths
The sky's celestial blue.

The rocks, stand sentinels close by,
As bulwarks to their shores ;
The little bushes, lovingly
And gracefully, arch o'er.

The modest ferns, within their tide,
Their slender branches lave ;
And, on their broad and shining breasts
The water-lilies wave.

The merry loon is heard to sing
His wild, fantastic lay,
And on the arching boughs is heard
The twitter of the jay.

The sturdy boatman by my side,
We steady plied the oar,
As up Grand Lake one day we went,
Along the western shore.

Old Munson's* rugged shoulders loomed
A half mile from "The Dam,"
And the sharp corners of Half Moon
Lay in a sea of calm.

*Islands in Grand Lake, Maine.

And Harwood, a short distance lay,
 "The Sisters," by its side,
And further on, a little way,
 Columbus, we espied.

The gloomy shores of Coffin Point
 Full soon arose in view,
And just within the sheltered cove,
 The rock of Caribou.

We rested by the Junior stream
 Upon the "horse-back" there ;
And after dinner made our way
 To Compass thoroughfare.

There, in that lovely sylvan glade
 We gaily pitched our tent,
And joined a jovial company
 On blueberries intent.

And how we passed the night I'll not
 Attempt to tell you here,
I thought not when I started out,
 To catch a little *dear*.

But morning came, and in "the boat"
 We started for "The Stream,"
We found it pleasanter to ride
 The lake, propelled by steam.

And all too soon we reached our home,
 In such gay company,
And took our places, the next day,
 Within the tannery.

Gone are those scenes, and now removed
 Far from those witching lakes ;
 I can no more with friends I loved,
 My journey o'er them take.

But still, sweet memories will come
 When life was young and free,
 And I had yet a happy home,
 And merry company.

In visions of the silent night
 I think I'm there again ;
 And memory flings a golden light
 Around the lakes of Maine.

A RELIC.

Being a piece of the bell of the Grand Lake Stream, Me., tannery, destroyed by
 fire in May, 1887.

A thousand memories you bring
 Of days of old ;—On rustling wing
 They crowd around me, fair and bright,
 In this, my lonely room to-night.

Fly backward, years of grief and pain,
 And bring me back my youth again,
 Let me enjoy the old-time dream
 Beside the banks of Grand Lake Stream.

Within that wild, secluded spot,
 The world and all its cares forgot,
 With dear companions, blithe and gay,
 I passed the merry years away.

The first brief year of idle play
Gave place to work, from day to day,
And proud was I to earn my bread,
And have some little laid ahead.

But, work has more of cheer than care,
When all around is bright and fair,
And, jolly fellows make the day
On swiftest pinions pass away.

I scarcely thought, until I found
The week of labor slip around,
And Sunday, bring its sports and play
To me and my companions gay.

We'd boat and bathe upon the lake,
And oftentimes our journey take
Into the forest deep, close by,
To see if game we could espy.

Or, maybe, in the month of June,
Beneath the bright and silvery moon,
We'd take our sweethearts out to walk,
And spend the eve in idle talk.

Of the wide world we saw no more
Than straggling Calais' sea-girt shore,
Where once a year we'd always go
To "Fourth of July" or a show.

Thus, settled in my forest home,
I never had a wish to roam;
The world to me had naught so dear
As blessings that I cherished there.

I turn the page, the years speed on,
My home, my hopes, my friends are gone,
And I, in solitude alone
Am destined through the world to roam.

I've gained some wisdom ;—learned the ways
Of the world, more than in those days ;
But ah ! it has been dearly bought,
Nor rest or happiness has brought.

My horizon has broader grown ;
The power to know and to be known,
Is mine—but ah ! I've planted rue,
I've got the power to suffer too.

If some kind angel could but take
Me to my cottage by the lake,
And lay me on my snug, warm bed,
My mother sitting at the head.

I'd think the years of toil and pain
By me, had not been lived in vain,
And back, in childhood's careless joy,
I'd bless the Lord I was a boy.

But no ;—The house the flame devours,
We can no longer claim as ours ;
I and my mother miles divide,
She cannot sit by my bedside.

This wrecked and ruined frame can ne'er
Resume its previous form, and wear
The strong right arm, to earn my bread,
For it is in the graveyard laid.

The ship dismasted, rides the wave
Without a hand outstretched to save,
Till, safe into some friendly port,
Or by the rocks and breakers caught.

So, unequipped, I sail life's sea,
Unknowing of my destiny,
Which must ere long yet bring me through
Or sink me in the gulf below.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Cold lies the turf above his head,
But the flowers on his grave,
With the mild, sweet breath of summer
In verdure green shall wave.

And spring in their vernal beauty
Through all the coming years
Guarded well by a nation's hand,
And wet with a nation's tears.

The cry of an outraged people rose
On the wings of prayer to God,
Ground down by the heel of a despot foe,
And scourged by his cruel rod.

He heard their cry, and quickly sprang
To succor and defend,
And his clarion voice in warning rang
In behalf of his fellow-men.

His noble soul rose high above
 Distinctions of class or creed ;
 He gave the wealth of his heart of love
 That the down-trodden might be freed.

And whether the hated African serf
 Or the wretched Irishman,
 Bound down in oppression worse than death,
 A slave in his native land.

At the risk of his liberty, life and fame,
 He took up the battle-cry,
 And won himself an immortal name
 That never on earth shall die.

Peace is better, but when old wounds
 Will canker, fester and bleed,
 And a harvest of wrath is gathered
 By those who have sowed the seed.

Then—Open war, in the name of God,
 To set the captive free,
 To scourge the proud with a chastening rod,
 And establish Liberty.

And the praise of a nation, yet in chains,
 Is sounding across the sea,
 And her tears fall fast o'er the low remains
 Of that son of Liberty.

But the day will come, when O'Connell's land
 A garland bright shall send
 Fresh from the grasp of her FREE right hand,
 For Liberty's chosen friend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO MY ABSENT BROTHER.

Twenty-five years have passed away,
Since on that memorable day
You held me in your fond embrace,
And last I looked upon your face.

We wandered up the river bank,
The pines above looked dark and dank,
A more abstracted look you wore
Than ever I had seen before.

We walked awhile, and then sat down
Upon a knoll with grass o'ergrown ;
You took me on your knee to rest,
And fondly clasped me to your breast.

I could not tell the conflict sore
Within your breast, that fateful hour,
The agonies of mind and heart
From all you loved on earth to part.

You gently told me to go home,
Assuring me you soon would come,
And toddling off, in childish pride,
I soon was at my mother's side.

That night, the news to us did come,
That Ben had ran away from home ;
He'd left the word with neighbors near,
Well knowing that we soon would hear.

I do not blame him, though my heart
Was nearly broken for to part,
And sadder grows each passing year,
Still holding his remembrance dear.

Impulsive, chafing at restraint,
Although he never made complaint,
He'd much to gain and naught to lose
But poverty and kicks and blows.

'Twenty-five years in sun and shade
The homely dwelling low has laid.
The family moving on to Maine,
Have taken up life's load again.

A mother, feeble, old and gray,
A father, sinking day by day,
The only sister, gone to rest
Within the mansions of the blest.

The oldest brothers settled down
And married, and the youngest grown,
And travelling on in middle age
His sad and lonely pilgrimage.

Oh poet-brother! if you knew
The many tears we've shed for you,
Our mother's cries, our father's prayers,
You'd come and bless their hoary hairs.

The poverty and grief and tears
Of more than three-score weary years,
Would be forgotten in their joy
To clasp again their wandering boy.

But maybe you are dead and gone,
And cold beneath the church-yard stone,
Perish the thought ; I'll not believe—
My inner sense will ne'er deceive.

In dreams I've seen you, with you talked,
And by your side again have walked,
And noticed that the hand of change
Has taken you within its range.

Oh ! could you come to me to-night,
You'd turn my darkness into light ;
A quarter century's grief and pain
Of it, would not a trace remain.

Or could I follow where you are,
I'd fly to the remotest star,
In time or in eternity,
In life or death, to be with thee.

I cannot drive the thought away
That here on earth, we'll meet some day,
And talk together face to face,
As in that well-remembered place.

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